

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. I.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.
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From the Emancipator.

SYMPATHY FOR GOV. PRATT.

His Excellency, Thos. G. Pratt, of Prince George's county, the present Governor of the State of Maryland, chosen by the "true Liberty party," the Whigs, to that high office, held in his hands the life and liberty of the late lamented Charles T. Torrey. When the wife and friends of the victim supplicated, in terms that might have moved a stone, and that could not but have moved the most inexorable of Eastern tyrants, for the bestowment of a pardon, which would probably have saved his life, Gov. Pratt declared that he could not give a favorable answer until he had an opportunity to know the minds of his brother planters, *alias* slave-breeders of Prince George's. He never granted it.

After it became quite certain that Torrey must die, and about a week before his death took place, Gov. Pratt visited the prison for general purposes of inspection; and his prosecuting attorney who accompanied him, approached the bedside of the helpless prisoner, already struck with the infallible premonitions of approaching dissolution, and soothingly asked him—"Do you think your friends would now pay Heckrotte his money if you were to be pardoned?"—He replied, that it had been the policy of the slave-breeders and slave-traders, whose tool the Governor made himself, to keep Torrey in prison until he was past the possibility of recovery, and then grab the money, which a thousand friends had raised for the purpose of restoring him to his family, living husband and father. And the Executive of Maryland wished to ascertain whether there was yet a probability, despite of the noble energy of Messrs. Phelps and Cleveland, of yet realizing this insatiable meanness. Mr. Attorney, however, "took nothing by his motion."

We give these particulars in order to revive the interest of our readers in behalf of Governor Pratt, that they may enter with us into the sympathies befitting the occasion, as developed in the following official notice. We find it in circulation, but do not know in what paper it first appeared. It is quite affecting, and we cheerfully give Gov. Pratt the benefit of an insertion in our columns, free of charge. Read his appeal:

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

THE above reward will be given for the apprehension and delivery to me of my servant woman Sophia. She left my residence at Annapolis, Maryland, on Sunday evening, the 5th inst., and travelled in the cars to Washington, and went to the house of her mother, who is a free woman, named Margaret Lee, residing next door to a blacksmith shop, at the corner of L street south, and 3rd street east,—near the Navy yard.—Sophia was at her mother's house until 4 o'clock on Monday, the 6th inst., at which time her mother states she left her house in a hack, alleging that she intended to return by the cars to Annapolis. She has not since been heard of, and is either secreted in the city of Washington, or has gone in the hack, in which she left her mother's house, towards the Pennsylvania line. I have no doubt that her intention is to go to some Free State, as she left my house without the slightest provocation, and has always been treated with kindness and humanity.

Sophia is a remarkably neat, well looking mulatto woman, rather under the usual size, of about 28 years of age, and converses with unusual ease and accuracy for a servant.—She took with her a large trunk and a variety of clothing of the very best quality.

THOMAS G. PRATT.

Annapolis, April 7, 1846.

It is evident that Gov. Pratt feels deeply the loss of his "woman," from the liberality of his offer, "one-hundred dollars reward." No doubt, he was strongly attached to her—perhaps has been so for a long time, and hardly knows how to do without her. Had she been snatched from him by death, he would not have offered a reward; but to think of her as yet alive, and still he cannot get her; and that she has got away from him by some human instrumentality which he cannot kill—it moves him—and he does the next thing in his power—he offers a hundred dollars to anybody who will bring her back.—Perhaps our paper will reach somebody who may have it in their power to carry her back to her anxious owner. If so, you see your

chance for the hundred dollars. The Whig party ought to add the promise of a fat office when they next come into power.

The manner of Sophia's disappearance is quite instructive and sentimental. She went to Washington on Sunday, April 5th, to see her mother, Margaret Lee. Our old friend, Jacob Henson, says he knows Margaret very well, and she is a respectable and Christian woman. She is a "free woman," and yet her daughter was not her own, but belonged to Gov. Pratt. We thought children followed the condition of the mother. It does not appear whether she had leave to go to Washington, nor is it said she went without leave. Probably that point is intentionally left obscure, for it would not tell well for the police of Annapolis, if she could go by the railroad without leave, nor very well for Gov. Pratt's own sagacity, if he gave her leave to go with all that large trunk full of clothing "of the very best quality." There is a point here which needs clearing up, and we hope the Governor in his next publication will be more particular.

Sophia spent the Sabbath with her mother. Who can tell the thoughts that coursed in her mind, under the conviction that she was conversing with her mother for the last time.—How must her heart have swollen to bursting at the idea that she was about to take so momentous, so perilous a step, and yet dared not even tell her own mother, lest that parent should suffer even for knowing the desires of her child to be free. Gov. Pratt makes no charge against Mrs. Lee.

At four o'clock on Monday morning, Sophia left her mother's house, in a hack, ostensibly going to the railroad. She did not say which railroad; but every body knows that, on the slaveholder's railroad, the cars do not leave until six o'clock. Consequently, it was the "under ground," or what is now best known as the TORREY RAILROAD, that she was going by. And hence we infer that Gov. Pratt's information was not minutely accurate, and that Sophia must have started in the hack a little before four o'clock, because the cars leave, in the Spring arrangement, precisely at four in the morning, as all who have travelled by that line know, and as Gov. Pratt may ascertain by calling at the depot in—street. It is best to be particular in such matters. Those who desire information of the cars on the TORREY RAILROAD at the present season, are referred to the hand-bills, to be had by calling on the agent.

The Governor says Sophia left her mother's house in a hack, and as she has not since concealed in Washington, or has gone to Pennsylvania in that hack. Ah, Governor, you can learn all about it, if you could only find that hack. And it would relieve the anxieties of many other mourners among the patriarchs, who had had their choice treasures conveyed away in that hack. The mystery is, to find that hack. The hacks in Washington are all numbered and registered. The hacks that come from other places are all carefully observed by the police. Not a hack wheel traverses the streets unnoted. And yet, every now and then, persons are taken into that hack, and you never find a trace of them again, until you hear they are in Boston, or Canada or some other unreachable place. One would think its steeds must be shod with felt, and its wheels must roll on rails of india-rubber. We beg Gov. Pratt to try once more to find that hack. If you could only get the track of it, if you could stand by when it takes up a passenger or company of passengers, see how the "cream-colored horses" pant and paw the ground, and then follow it as it flies with its precious freight up the well known avenue to—street, and then along that street till it reaches a certain spot, and then you look, and the hack aint there, but you hear a low rumbling noise, like a train of cars passing through a tunnel that is closed at both ends—and you return home as wise as you went. To find out any thing, you must interrogate that hack before it gets to the TORREY DEPOT in—street.

But one of the most touching points in Gov. Pratt's appeal to the public, is couched under the form of an argument by which he satisfies himself that his woman has gone to a free State, because "she went off without the slightest provocation." That was the unkindest cut of all. How could she do it? But are you sure she had no provocation? Her mother is, you say, a free woman, while she herself is a slave. Is not that provocative of the desire for liberty? What you say of her use of language shows that she has not been wholly unaccustomed to listen to the conversation of her supervisors. May she not have heard at your table sentiments calculated to inspire a love of liberty? May she not have heard the state of slavery spoken of as a degradation, to which no generous soul could possibly submit? Has she not heard it said that a true man would choose LIBERTY OR DEATH? Can you wonder that such conversation should produce its effect?

Again, it may be that she has heard the case of Torrey spoken of—his false philanthropy, in pretending to pity the niggers—his folly in throwing away his life for the niggers—his recklessness in acting as if niggers had the same rights with other people—his extraordinary art, almost like witchcraft, in aiding the escape of slaves? Perhaps she has got her first knowledge of the underground railroad from your own lips.

There is one thought more about the want of provocation. You can tell all about it.—We at the North can only surmise and ask questions. But from what we have heard of the institutions and usages of slavery, we are prepared to think it not strange, if a handsome mulatto girl, living in the family of a

man of the known habits of Gov. Pratt, may have had other and more secret reasons for wishing to be free. Her ample supply of clothing proves her to have been no small favorite; and yet we know there are female natures, to whom no liberality of gifts no habits of vanity, can make personal humiliation otherwise than loathsome.

But we will not extend these remarks. It is certain that the master of Torrey has not stopped the escape of slaves from Maryland.

RUM AND HOSPITALS.

Read the following letter from a correspondent of the Picayune, and in it see some of the results of the war-spirit:

MATANZAS, June 12, 1846.

EDITORS OF THE PICAYUNE:—

GENTLEMEN.—We have been very much refreshed here by the march of improvement which has been made by American enterprise. Hays & Davis, for instance, have opened a very good eating-house in town, and, to complete the matter, have supplied their bar with real Simon Pure Boston ice! It took four men to hand out juleps there yesterday, and yet the "anxious public" were far from being supplied or satisfied. Juleps sell—this can be copied by the price current—here at 18 cents per glass, lemonades at one dime, and grog in general at the same price. A theatre will soon be opened in the old theatrical establishment.

The hospitals containing the wounded Mexicans, whom Arista left without the least means of support, present scenes of distress that can scarcely be described. Capt. McCanet politely conducted me through several large buildings that are filled with these wretched creatures, now left to the charity of our army. The first man I saw was a half breed Mexican, about 40 years old, with a pleasing, good-humored countenance, walking about, with both arms shot off, half way between the shoulder and the elbow. His cheerful countenance, and civil deportment won upon our feelings, and we—two or three young officers who were along—contributed sufficient to ensure the poor fellow comforts for a week. No sooner did the wrecks around us perceive these marks of compassion, than most of them held up their hands for alms—some pointing at their stumps of arms and legs, and others, who did not seem to suffer much, were making very faces expressive of more pain than they could endure—the rascals laughed as soon as our backs were turned.

On those rocks where others have been driven by that party—a party which has proved itself to be an enemy to all anti-slavery movements that do not subserve its party purposes. A party which is ready even now and perhaps is at this time endeavoring to do what it has heretofore done to others, encircle your societies within its serpent like folds only to crush and destroy them.

You can point me, I am aware, to Liberty party men who are Liberty men because they are abolitionists; and I cannot do otherwise than admit that there are warm-hearted friends of the slave in its ranks.

My acquaintance with many who are in the party forbids that I should entertain for a moment the idea that they are there for any other motives than to benefit the slave. But even with these the false position in which they stand and the upas breath of party influence and party tactics operating upon them, is paralyzing their energies, drying up the fountain of their sympathies for the slave or turning these to party account by directing them into selfish channels.

DISUNION.

The Dissolution of the Union has so often been lightly talked of by the South, that old politicians regard the cry with contempt.

They have settled down into the fixed belief, that come what will, no matter what abuses

there may be of the Government, or what violations of the Constitution, the Union will stand fast.

With the sceptics of old, they exclaim,

"Since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning."

But the day of evil will come upon them, we fear, like "a thief in the night."

It cannot be concealed that the Union commands less reverence than was once the case;

that calculations of its value have become common in a quarter, where calculation is generally a preliminary to action—we mean,

in New England;—that, the circumstances of the States are gradually changing, so as to diminish the probabilities of perpetual union;

that the rail road system is advancing to a

point, where the products of the free West

will find a more rapid and economical transit

to the East and to foreign lands, across the

continent, than by the way of the Mississippi

and the Gulf; that the acquisition of immense

territory on our South-west, and the probable

formation of new slave States from the Gulf

of Mexico to the Pacific, will insensibly, but

most certainly, lessen the dependence of the

South upon the Union, and weaken its sym-

pathies with it. But, all these things are

forgotten by the politician who has grown old

in a warfare about Banks and Tariffs. His

notions are all stereotyped. He is blind to

changes—deaf to the call of new emergencies.

Blind leaders of the blind—they will fall

into the pit together—*On. Herald.*

WAR IN WEST AFRICA.

For some time past a barbarous war has

been carried on in the Sherbro country, in

which the African Mission of the Union Mis-

sion Society is established. The leaders of

the hostile parties are Sisiwooroo, a Sherbo

Chief, and Kissicummah, Chief of the Mand-

ingos. The whole country has been ravaged

by the war people, the towns have been

burned, some of the inhabitants have been

consumed with their dwellings, others have

been killed in battle, and many taken for

slaves; but through all these scenes the Mis-

sion has been preserved. Under date of

March, 1846, the Missionary, Rev. Wm. Ray-

mond, writes:

"Although we have been surrounded by savage war men, sometimes several hundreds of them have been here at once, yet they have never taken a pin from us without permission, while every town near us has been plundered. It may be asked how have we been protected? I answer by our God. The native chiefs have not been able to protect us; for most of them have been driven from their homes, and their towns have been burnt by their enemies from the interior, some of whom are Cannibals. The head war men, almost without exception, have tried rather to obtain my favor, than to injure me. The Cannibals are among my best friends. You may ask why is all this? One of the head war men was here the other day, and thus explained it. He said he was bad enough, but he could not trouble us, and if any one should do so, let him go where he would, he never could be any better, meaning that some curse would follow him. He gave us a reason that 'we had no business with the war, that we no cheat anybody, that we do no anybody bad, that we were God people.'

COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW LYME, July 1st, 1846.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

As some of you who have formed Anti-slavery societies within the last year may be unacquainted with the wiles of Liberty party, I shall in this and some succeeding numbers give you a history of some of its movements in reference to anti-slavery societies, in order to guard you against those influences and to

upon those rocks where others have been

driven by that party—a party which has

proved itself to be an enemy to all anti-slavery

movements that do not subserve its party

purposes. A party which is ready even now

and perhaps is at this time endeavoring to do

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My acquaintance with many who are in the party forbids that I should entertain for a moment the idea that they are there for any other motives than to benefit the slave. But even with these the

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tics operating upon them, is paralyzing their

energies, drying up the fountain of their sym-

pathies for the slave or turning these to par-

ticular account by directing them into selfish

channels.

Where, I ask, is that enthusiasm, that an-

sweeping of heart unto heart, that sympathy

for the slave which was wont to be manifested

at anti-slavery meetings by abolitionists

before the formation of that party, or at the

meetings of abolitionists since anti-slavery

has been dragged from beneath the rubbish

as to this union as asserted by Senator Hous-ton, and said annexation having originated in a desire to increase the slave power as admitted by J. C. Calhoun when Secretary of State, and having commenced by aggressions of the United States upon Mexico is an act which for baseness and wicked atrocity, is unsurpassed by that of any professedly civilized or christian nation.

Resolved, That we believe it to be the duty of every philanthropist and christian to avoid all participation in this unrighteous war.

These resolutions were adopted with one dissenting voice, (the gentleman above named.)

GENERAL ARMISTICE.

RAVENNA, July 13th, 1846.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In accordance with friend Dickinson's request, I will give my recollections of Mr. Lewis' remarks, as they differ somewhat from his account of them :

Mr. Lewis stated "that a fourth political party was about to be formed; that he had, within the last forty-eight hours, read a letter written by S. S. Foster, the leader of the Dis-unionists in the West, stating that he should endeavor to procure the nomination of candidates to be supported and voted for at the next election by the "Come-outers," and that he thought they would give at least 5000 votes this fall."

The statement I considered well calculated to deceive, and therefore, after Mr. Lewis had left the subject and was commencing another, I propounded the question as stated by Mr. Dickinson. The statement, unexplained, would lead persons to believe that "old organizationists" were about to lay aside their reliance upon moral means for the abolition of slavery, and substitute in its stead political action. I knew that this was not Foster's intention—that his object was only to ascertain the numerical strength of the "Come-outers;" and I am pleased that this proposition, made by Mr. Foster at New Haven, met with no favor from the Society.

I am more inclined to believe that Mr. Lewis made this statement with an intention of deceiving, and to quiet the feelings of some Liberty men who had scruples about supporting the Constitution; since having been corrected here, he reiterated the same statement in Akron, as I am informed by Mr. Wolcott.

Mr. Lewis said—"He thought the non-voting men occupied a singular position; for by their own acknowledgments they had assisted to shut the slave up in prison, and now refused to use the key to unlock their prison doors," and thereupon related a story.

It struck me at the time that he was unfortunate in selecting the figure; for if Liberty Party, Whigs and Democrats of the North would refuse to stand as sentinels and watchdogs of the prison, the unfortunate inmates would, without any difficulty, scale the prison walls, batter down the doors, and make good their escape to a land of freedom. Mr. Lewis and Liberty Party would say to the slaves—"wait until we can coax the South to give us the key, and then we can let you out in a Constitutional way; for we have adopted a fundamental law of Union" with your jailor, (which we are unwilling to repudiate,) and have agreed to watch jail so long as he chooses to keep you here."

I believe I am doing no injustice in this to Mr. Lewis, as I did not understand him to claim that the Constitution is Anti-Slavery. Indeed, but few Liberty party men with whom I have conversed, do; and even those cannot deny, that if they undertake to support the Constitution at all, they are bound to support it as construed by the constituted authorities, unless they adopt Jackson's theory—"the Constitution as I understand it;" and then there would be as many Constitutions as individuals, and none of them of any force or effect. As C. M. Clay has well remarked in his letter to Mr. Bailey—"Upon no other ground can national existence be maintained: there must either be an honorable, fair and sincere support of the legal action of a Nation, or open and manly rebellion."

Mr. Lewis makes some heart-stirring appeals in behalf of the slave, and I have no doubt, through the influence of his moral power, does much good. And in every effort of this kind, I can cheerfully bid him God speed. In regard to his party, he seemed to have more confidence in moral than political means; for he said—"What if we never elect one of our candidates? We shall accomplish our object if we induce others to take correct ground; we, like salt, can exercise a salutary influence upon men."

I am inclined to believe however, from recent developments, that "the salt has lost its savor"—that they are fast sacrificing their principles to obtain power and become a popular party; and that Mr. Lewis refuses to cut his connection with a Pro-Slavery Church until after the election, that he may obtain more votes for Governor, and thereby swell the ranks of Liberty Party.

But I am trespassing upon your columns.
Your friend in the cause,
E. P. BASSETT.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JULY 17, 1846.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

GREAT GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE.

On Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th of August, there will be a Great Rally of the citizens of Northern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, at Mecca, in Trumbull county, Ohio. Speakers from abroad, as well as citizens of Ohio, will be there to ascertain the best means to unite the Anti-Slavery sentiment in opposition to the system of Slavery in this country.

SAMUEL BROOKE, General Agent.

From the Cincinnati Herald.
CAMP OWSLEY, June 28th, 1846.

MR. EDITOR:—

Relying upon the magnanimity which you heretofore exhibited towards men not agreeing in all respects with yourself, I ask to say a few words through your columns to a portion of the public not reached so readily through ordinary channels.

After a hard and bitter struggle against the mobites of the 18th of August, I find myself at the head of the O. S. Cavalry, the oldest and most honorable company west of the Alleghany mountains.

I had just begun to flatter myself that I had proven to the State of Kentucky, that an honest avowal of an eternal war against slavery, did not of necessity deprive one of the confidence of the people of our noble State, however much the slaveholders might denounce him.

What was my surprise then to find myself all at once denounced by those who had heretofore stood by me in the hour of trial, as a traitor!

Now if I am a traitor to liberty the South lie! If I am a traitor to slavery the North lie!

I have renounced no principle ever avowed by me; I relax no effort for the maintenance and extension of my avowals: whom then and what have I betrayed?

Up to the time that Congress assumed the war, I protested against it, and whilst my duty as a soldier and the "articles of war" require me to abstain from disrespectful mention of my political and military superiors, I retract nothing I have said.

We in this republic have agreed that a majority should rule under constitutional limits.

The constitutional expression of congressional will has been had. They call upon me to defend my country. If I were drafted, and

to volunteer it is equally moral treason, though legally I might escape punishment!

When I have used every argument and honorable means to change the action of my country, I have only half discharged my duty; I owe her also rescue from the consequences of her errors and her crimes.

Upon no other principle can national existence be maintained. There must either be an honorable, fair and sincere support of the legal action of a nation, or open and manly rebellion.

To support a bad cause is bad, rebellion under present circumstances is worse.

I have acted conscientiously, with great self-sacrifice and untold personal trials in this matter. Once more amidst the distrust of friends and the impotent rage of triumphant enemies, I trust the wisdom of my conduct and the integrity of my motives to impartial posterity, should my name survive me.

I have the honor to be
Your friend and ob't serv't,
C. M. CLAY.

G. BAILEY, Esq.

In the above letter from Cassius M. Clay, are some things deserving especial notice.—

We leave him to administer such opiate to his conscience as he can extract from the "articles of war," and to reconcile as best he may, his duty as a soldier in Mexico, and his duty as a lover of freedom—our opinion of his conduct we have before expressed. His views of what constitutes treason, we of course do not agree with, for the Constitution has clearly defined its character, making it differ materially from Cassius M. Clay's construction. There are, however, one or two positions assumed in his letter which appear to us reasonable, and are thus stated:

"We in this republic have agreed that a majority should rule under constitutional limits. The constitutional expression of congressional will has been had. They call upon me to defend my country. * * * When I have used every argument and honorable means to change the action of my country, I have only half discharged my duty; I owe her also rescue from the consequences of her errors and crimes. * * *

There must either be an honorable, fair and sincere support of the legal action of a nation, or open and manly rebellion."

The people of the United States agreed, and wrote down the agreement in their Constitutional bond, that the majority of their representatives in Congress assembled, might, when they saw fit, declare war, and with a view to enable them practically to enforce their declaration, the people conferred upon them "the power to raise and support armies, &c., &c."

Did not Democrats, Whigs and Liberty party men authorize the present Congress through the Constitution, to declare war whenever a majority of its members saw fit to do

so? We presume none but a quibbler will deny this. Did not these parties by the same instrument confer upon that body the right to adopt all measures necessary to maintain such war as it may declare, to tax the people, and to distract them? No one but a sophist will answer negatively. How then can we escape the conclusion that however much its members may protest against the action of the government, they are bound—legally bound, to say nothing about the question of morals—to stand by her when action is needed, whether she is in the right or in the wrong. Let men beware then what power they confer upon the government they establish. Let them be cautious about investing them with power, for the exercise of which they are unwilling to be responsible.

The editor of the Cleveland American asks,

"If it is the duty of every man to sustain his government in its acts, right or wrong, what then becomes of the wholesome conservative influence of an enlightened and justice-loving community?"

If it is not their duty, what becomes of your government? It has no longer an existence. Each man does what seemeth best to himself, and the doctrine that majorities should rule, means only that majorities should rule majorities.

If every citizen is not bound to sustain the government in all its constitutional actions, and its unconstitutional ones too, until a competent tribunal decides upon their character, then one who believes in a Tariff must pay duties upon the goods he imports, while the advocate of free trade unloads his goods without noticing the Custom House officers. No Judge would be bound to pass sentence upon the criminal in accordance with the laws enacted by the majority, but would graduate the penalty according to his individual opinion, and leave the Sheriff or Jailer at liberty to execute it according to his.

Now if I am a traitor to liberty the South lie! If I am a traitor to slavery the North lie! I have renounced no principle ever avowed by me; I relax no effort for the maintenance and extension of my avowals: whom then and what have I betrayed?

Up to the time that Congress assumed the war, I protested against it, and whilst my duty as a soldier and the "articles of war" require me to abstain from disrespectful mention of my political and military superiors, I retract nothing I have said.

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The same difficulty exists in regard to the great National Compact. The people regard it as something above and beyond the rules by which other contracts are judged, as something too sacred for the principles of common interpretation.

If instead of its being a contract between two millions of citizens, it was a contract between two or twenty of them, there would be no difficulty in settling the meaning of the contracting parties. Take, for instance, a manufacturing company of twenty, and let their articles of agreement be based upon the principle upon which the National Company have based theirs—the right of the majority to rule.

One article in their bond of partnership authorizes the majority to buy such cotton as they think best, imposing limitations only as to the quantity.

The minority think it wrong to encourage foreign labor, but the majority decide to purchase East India cotton. In the event of such a purchase, are not the minority bound to furnish their proportion of the funds for the payment of the cotton which the majority bought per agreement? True, they may declare its purchase inexpedient, may denounce it as a war upon American interests, but are they not legally bound to open their purse and pay for the same? No one will deny it; and why a different principle should be applied to the Mexican war which was undertaken by the majority, in conformity with their acknowledged right to rule, and is, so far as we can judge, in accordance with the National Contract, we are unable to comprehend.

We agree with Cassius M. Clay, "there must either be an honorable, fair and sincere support of the legal action of a nation, or open and manly rebellion."

As every principle of justice and humanity forbids giving "an honorable, fair and sincere support" to the government, we choose "open and manly rebellion;" not as Cassius M. Clay or any other warrior spirit would understand rebellion, but rebellion carried on by peaceful, moral means a rebellion more difficult to suppress, and more mighty in its power than any other.

We are informed that the anti-war meeting which was held at the village of New Haven on the 5th inst., (Sunday) a factitious description of which is given by a correspondent in another place, was addressed by I. Trescott and others, and was characterized with that spirit of reform and freedom of thought and expression, among those of different sentiments, for which that little town and its vicinity is becoming distinguished.

New Haven has undergone a complete revolution upon the temperance question, and its inhabitants are not afraid to discuss the subjects of slavery and war, on both of which a large portion of them occupy the true ground.

Our friends Foster have had some difficulty on the Reserve, in regard to the particulars of which we are not informed. Somebody was silly enough to prosecute them out of spite, for selling anti-slavery books on the Sabbath, but gained nothing by it except shame and defeat. We expected to be able to give this week an account of this affair which could be relied upon, but much to our disappointment, the letter containing it has not come to hand.

SERVED RIGHT.—We see it stated that Captain Cassius M. Clay will be compelled to serve under the orders of his old enemy, Brigadier General Thomas F. Marshall. We don't pity him.

Nothing new from the seat of War.

THE UNION—J. R. GIDDINGS.

With a view of obtaining accurate information of the sentiments of J. R. Giddings, the representative in Congress from the northeastern District of Ohio, questions were propounded to him. Among other things, he was asked if he was in favor of a dissolution of the Union?

His answer is dated Washington, June 3d, 1846; he says:

"If you refer to the American Union formed in 1787 as it was subsequently modified by the admission of Louisiana, to which each of the several States yielded its tacit consent—my answer is, that it has been dissolved by revolution of our government; that the President, and a majority of each house of Congress, in the exercise of usurped powers, professing to act for all the states, formed a new confederation with Texas, being a foreign Government, and by that unauthorized and revolutionary act, which has since been consummated by admitting Senators and Representatives of Texas to seats in Congress, the Union of 1787 has been subverted."

"Without further remark, I repeat, that our Union of 1787 has been entirely dissolved, and that the people of our State, having at all times refused their consent to such dissolution, are now absolved from all further political obligation toward those States which have united in the political confederation with Texas.

"I repeat that Ohio is now a party to no subsisting Union; to our people therefore belongs the prerogative of dictating the future policy of our State. They may, if they choose, demand of our legislature, the passage of a law enabling them to express their views in regard to the propriety of entering into a Union with Texas. Or as we are now dissolved from all connection with the slave States, we may remain free from all further political alliance with them. We may form a union with such of the other free states as shall prefer a union with freemen, and discard all further political association with the institution of Slavery."

Comment is useless!—*Cin. Gaz.*

If Joshua R. Giddings will go to and fro on the Reserve preaching these doctrines to all who will hear him, using the influence he possesses to establish them, and himself endorsing them by consistent action, we have no doubt he would accomplish a great work. Let him but influence his own county to refuse allegiance to Ohio unless she rejects a Union with Texas, and a great blow would be struck. It is true, difficulty and danger might attend such a step, but it would open for discussion and decision the rights of States, of Counties, and of Individuals, a question which has never yet been fairly brought before the people. If this nation of professed freemen are to be forever bound to sustain all acts which the Federal Government may decide, if they are compelled to make a *declaration in defense in honor* of the American Union, it is they should comprehend their slavish destiny, and learn that it is their province to submit and not complain, to obey and not to murmur, to hug their chains in contentment and be satisfied with their lot.

AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.—At a Missionary Convention held a short time since in Bangor, Rev. Dr. Anderson, one of the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. stated—so says the Bangor Gazette—that the missionaries of the Board, after a full consideration of the right of polygamy, have come to the conclusion, that its sinfulness was not so clearly taught in the New Testament as to make it a test of exclusion from the church! This we should call progressive Christianity. The same Dr. stated in reply to an inquiry, that the Board would recall any missionary who should receive into the church persons holding Unitarian, Universalist, or Mormon views, no matter how just and exemplary the lives of such might be.

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Nothing new from the seat of War.

THE CLERGY.

The Editor of the Signal of Liberty has been attending the North-Western Liberty party convention, recently held at Chicago.—In the account which he gives of its proceedings, he speaks of its determination to make a retrograde progression of six years; this convention, it appears, rejected by a large vote, a resolution which the first National Liberty party convention passed unanimous six years ago.

In relation to the Clergy, the Editor speaks as follows:

"On motion to prepare an address to the clergy, an animated debate sprung up involving the connection of the clergy generally with the anti-slavery cause. Expressions of strong indignation and disgust at the time-serving policy of a large portion of the clergy were made by several speakers, and were evidently approved by a large part of the audience. One speaker argued that every moral and religious motive had been used with a large part of the clergy, for 15 years, in vain; that these motives had all failed because there was another and more powerful one which had not been applied—the *bread and butter argument*; and as this was the stronger motive, he wished the address to demonstrate to ministers that their pecuniary support would be quite as well secured by an anti-slavery course, as by standing aloof from the cause.

Another speaker compared these clergy-men to a coon sitting on a rail. You cannot remove him. You may take hold of him, and pull him over to one side; but he will not let go, but his toes being of India rubber, they will stretch to any desired extent. So you may pull him as far on the other side with the same result; but you can't get him off the rail! The fact, that notwithstanding the replies of many ministers present, these coarse remarks were received by a large part of the audience with strong demonstrations of applause, gave good evidence that the position of the great mass of the clergy on this question is duly appreciated by the working anti-slavery men, and that if these ministers persist in their time-serving policy, they will ultimately lose much of their influence with anti-slavery men generally. They need not wonder that infidels multiply. Direct Infidelity, while acknowledging and regarding the great principles of natural right, is preferable to a Religion that teaches or justifies as a fundamental principle, the rightfulness of slaveholding.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

The Liberty party papers have generally boasted of the

LIBERTY PARTY IN NEW YORK.

W. W. Brown, in giving an account to the editor of the A. S. Standard of a convention which Liberty party held in New York for the purpose of ascertaining its position, says:

"Beriah Green said that the Liberty party was not dead, that as long as two remained in the party, it was a party. William Goodell said, that of the fifteen thousand votes that were cast for the party, in '44, there were not, in his opinion, more than five thousand in the party at the present time, and that they would never return upon the old track—that something must be done to bring them back."

Some of the leaders proposed the formation of a Liberty League, but after discussing the proposition for two days it was rejected. The whole cry during the convention was,

"What shall we do,—what will become of the Liberty party?—the Liberty party is dead!"

U.S. The Signal of Liberty states that the BANGOR GAZETTE, a Liberty party paper, is a supporter of the present villainous war with Mexico.

SPECIAL AGENCY FUND

Of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

Amount formerly acknowledged	\$35.25
Benj. Reeve, pledged at N. Lynn,	1.00
Amos Perry	1.00
Ramsey Reeve	1.00
Edward Coffin	1.00
Wm. Deming	1.00
Joseph Ferry	1.00
L. Bassell	1.00
E. Beckwith	1.00
G. Beldon	1.00
L. Brown	1.00
Laura E. Peck	1.00
J. C. Miller	1.00
Abner Gee	1.00
Marcia Miller	1.00
J. P. Brown	1.00
R. E. Fillmore	1.00
Wm. R. Deming	1.00
Henry Carey	1.00
Joseph L. Reeve	1.00
A. C. Evans	1.00
Wm. Hammond	1.00
Rodney Carey	1.00
E. B. Miller	1.00
George Walton	1.00
J. C. Baldwin	1.00
F. H. Loomis	1.00
Levi Hammond	1.00
Calvin Chapman	1.00
M. L. Giddings	1.00
Prudence Putnam	1.00
Juliette Carey	1.00
Belo B. Miller	1.00
Emily Hammond	1.00
Serena Brown	1.00
Eliza Reeve	1.00
Sarah C. Reeve	1.00
Harriet Putnam	1.00
Mary Ann Deming	1.00
Harriet Evans	1.00
Selina P. Story	1.00
Susan Baldwin	1.00
Laura A. Deming	1.00
Rhoda C. Collins	1.00
Martha Reeve	1.00
Patience Perry	1.00
Prudence Winters	1.00
Sarah Beckwith	1.00
Eliza H. Smith	1.00
Nancy E. Case	1.00
Celina St. John	1.00
Polly F. Allen	1.00
Azenith Hammond	1.00
Hannah Highby	1.00
Mary Gee	1.00
Cash	1.00
Barkwood Putney, Andover,	1.00
William Brigdon	1.00
William Knox	1.00
Anson K. Garlick	1.00
J. F. Whitmore paid	1.00
Chester Low	1.00
Total	\$79.00

Who among the abolitionists will withhold their names from this one dollar subscription for so just a cause. Whatever you have done and whatever you intend to do aside from this one dollar subscription, we expect each abolitionist of the West to subscribe one dollar to this fund.

SAMUEL BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO—MANIFESTO BY PAREDES.

Recent advices from Mexico and Havana leave little room for doubt that the late insurrection at Jalisco was but a link in a chain of similar movement framed to take place in every province, and intended to overthrow Paredes and restore to Santa Ana the direction of affairs. It is evident that the rising has been planned by Santa Ana himself, aided perhaps by his friend Almonte. We shall soon learn the result in the various provinces, and see which of the rival chieftains is likely henceforth to be in the ascendant. If Paredes triumphs, it will argue that the Army is still constant to his fortunes, notwithstanding the defeat on the Rio Grande.

Paredes delivered before the new Extraordinary Congress of Mexico a long and able Address on its assembling on the 6th ult.—He speaks of the movement which elevated him to power—of its necessity, the purity of his intentions, the perils and labors of his position, the violence and danger of faction, the necessity of curbing the licentiousness of the Press, the steps he has taken to restore order and reinvigorate the Nation, &c. &c. convincing.

"I have insensibly come to where I am to speak of the gravest circumstance in our present position. When this Administration came into power it found itself face to face with an engagement entered into by the preceding one to receive a Minister from the United States to treat on the Texas question. The Government, firm in its just cause and resolved never to yield to the solicitation of that part of its territory, was preparing for

war, yet anxious to spare, if it might, the effusion of blood, determined to hear what this Plenipotentiary had to propose. But, as was to be feared from the fallacious policy of the United States, their ill-faith became apparent as soon as their Commissioner presented himself; they had sent Mr. John Slidell, not as Minister *ad hoc*, to treat of special matter, but as a Resident Minister, such as could only be admitted between nations whose intercourse has no impediments. The Government, therefore, gave him clearly to understand that it could only receive him in a special character upon which he asked and forthwith received his passports. This had been seized by his Government as a pretence for charging us with the first hostilities and provoking a contest; as if the refusing to meet a fraudulent negotiation were an act of hostility, and when that Government is already using arms, not only for the defense of Texas, but for the usurpation of a fresh part of our territory.

"The American Minister was not received, because national dignity forbade it, when an American army was marching on the Rio Bravo, our ports on both seas were threatened by squadrons, and troops of the United States trod our soil in California. I was, therefore, obliged, on the 21st of March, solemnly to declare that peace and national honor being incompatible with such aggressions, our soil should be defended from their encroachments, until this Congress, with whom it lay to declare war, should assemble. Their army, for some time stationed at Corpus Christi, advanced to Point Isabel, and thence to a position in front of Matamoros.—After assembling about five thousand men in that quarter, I directed the General of Divisions there to act against the enemy; and he, deciding on crossing the river, took up a position between the coast and the fortified point of Paso Real. On the 8th May a sharp engagement was brought on, in which our troops gave proofs of their valor, and, though with some loss, held the field and maintained the honor of our arms. On the next day our General-in-Chief fell back to a new position, where the combat was renewed, but with an unfortunate issue on our part.

"The division crossed the river, and the commander, who still preserved, according to his returns, four thousand troops of the line, besides auxiliaries, suddenly evacuated the city of Matamoros, against the express orders of his Government, which looked to the importance of maintaining that place for further operations, and as the point to which supplies and reinforcements were on their way. Such unexpected conduct on the part of the general-in-chief has obliged me to recall him and to summon him to account for his disobedience before a military court of inquiry. The Government meantime is actively at work to repair these reverses, and to the nation and to you for co-operation.

The squadron of the United States has begun to blockade the ports of Vera Cruz, of Tampico, and of Tamaulipas; and its guns will probably soon bring havoc into those fair cities. The day has come, then, when the country calls to the defense all its children—the day when this Congress must proclaim war against that nation, which flatters itself so falsely that a single's misfortune can overthrow the courage and the constancy, of which our fellow-citizens have given so many signal proofs. As a citizen and as a soldier, I am ready for any sacrifice; and the brave men of our army, aided by this magnanimous people, will defend with me to the last, the sacred rights of our country."

He goes on to exhort congress to provide the means of repelling invasion from without and repressing disorder within; trusts the National spirit may be successfully invoked; says the army has been strengthened but the Finances remain in a deplorable condition.—He trusts that the dangers of the Nation will evoke the virtues which are to restore and render it illustrious. Finally, he closes by restoring to congress the extraordinary powers with which he has necessarily been invested, committing the destinies of the Nation entirely to the guidance of its Representatives.

It is understood that Paredes will be re-elected to the Presidency, and will repair at once to the frontier to take command of the army, leaving Gen. Bravo as President *pro tem.*, or perhaps a triumvirate composed of Bravo, Herrera and Cuevas.

Reports were ripe at Vera Cruz of an approaching revolt at Tampico in favor of Santa Anna. It was said that the revolt at Guadalajara had been crushed.—Tribune.

RANDOLPH'S MANUMITTED SLAVES.

We were informed day before yesterday, and the Enquirer of yesterday confirms the report, that the people of Mercer county have prevented the settlement of Randolph's emancipated slaves in their county. The agent proceeded with them to Bremen, and landed them there, but the thing becoming noised abroad, the people assembled in a public meeting, placed a guard around the strangers, passed resolutions declaring their purpose to enforce the laws of the State, and then gave the agent till 10 o'clock the next day, to depart with his charge. He re-embarked accordingly, and is now encamped in the woods about 22 miles this side of Bremen.

The manumitted persons number nearly 300, and many of them are women and children.

Here is a case that painfully appeals to every humane heart. These poor unfeeling creatures, natives of the country, willing to work, peaceful and orderly, have no spot on which to rest their feet. Driven out from their native State by Slavery, they are driven back upon it, by a heartless Prejudice. If continued in Ohio, they will be *wobbed*; if returned to Virginia, they will be *enslaved*! Good God! that any of thy children should be so trampled upon!

While we deplore the cold-blooded prejudice of the People of Mercer county, we abhor the abominably selfish and inhuman policy of Virginia. What right has she to exile any of her sons from her soil, for no offence save that of wearing a dark skin? Her legislation is a gross aggression on other States. It is her duty to provide for all her own pop-

ulation, and especially for the class which she has degraded.

Nothing can exceed the meanness of her policy in first in-bruting a portion of her population, and then imposing upon the free States the duty of elevating it from its degradation. But so long as Slavery shall exist in the South, this evil will continue. What excuse then can any man in the free States find, for doing nothing to promote the extinction of this accursed system? Every one now feels that we *have a great deal* to do with slavery,—how then can we tolerate the old political parties which have continually made it a part of their policy to suppress all discussion or agitation on this question, and to strengthen the domination of the Slave Power?

The question however recurs—will the people of Ohio drive back these harmless women and children, these unfeeling strangers, to the dark prison-house of eternal slavery?—Such cases are extremely rare. It is not probable that there will ever be so large an immigration of the kind again. What serious damage then can follow, from the settlement of this small company among a People numbering already two millions—especially when we remember, that land has been purchased for the immigrants, and that all of them perhaps will become agriculturists!—Cin. Herald.

GREAT RIOT.

Great Riot at Princeton—Assault on a Professor and Magistrate—Arrest of Students.

On Saturday night, while a colored man and his wife were recreating themselves with a walk after their week's labor, they were assailed by a party of rowdy students—the female especially being abused in a shameful manner. The man defended himself and his wife with a club, and struck one of the most active rioters (by the name of Taylor, from Virginia,) on the cheek, which caused a very ugly wound. The poor creature was frequently heard by the neighbors crying, "where, oh! where is my husband?" thinking they had probably killed him.

Yesterday they had a hearing at a magistrate's office, the colored man having been brought there to satisfy a party of Southern students, who thought it an indignity to have one of their number struck by a "negro;" and loud and many were their cries for revenge. Students appeared before the office armed with dirks and pistols, and all the efforts of Professor McLean, and the Magistrate and constable proved unavailing. The students finally succeeded in tearing the object of resentment from behind the magistrate's desk where he had sought refuge, and then they beat him in a most barbarous manner,—breaking his skull and inflicting other injuries which will most likely prove fatal. One of the constables for attempting to rescue the man was treated almost as badly. Professor McLean himself was considerably hurt while attempting to defend the colored man. After they had satisfied themselves with beating the man, and breaking the windows and furniture of the Magistrate's office, they gave three cheers and marched off without a single arrest having been made. Warrants have been procured for the arrest of the rioters.—J. Sentinel.

THIS CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE, which is to declare war against Popery in August, might find a fit subject of contemplation in the present posture of Christendom. It might help them to see the beam in their own eyes, to look abroad upon the earth and find it still and peaceful, except those portions under the sway of Christian Governments. Wars between Pagans have grown very rare. They have left the Devil's great work to nominal christians, who are doing it better to his satisfaction. The national christianity of the three foremost "defenders of the faith" is being presented to the heathen by diagrams and other illustrations, done in blood, and engraved with the bayonet. Most christian Britain has an India; France an Algeria; young evangelical America, Mexico and the land of the Seminoles. France has offered up her Te Deums to the God of battles for the firebrands that suffocated the helpless Arabs in the cave of Dahr. England has offered her thanksgiving to the Author of creation for reddening the Rio Grande with Mexican blood, and revelling in the "Halls of the Montezumas." The terrible butcheries in India cannot be imputed to Romanism, neither those that may be perpetrated under the American eagle in Mexico; and it is doubtful if the affair of Dahur would not have come off, if the Protestant religion had been the national creed of France. Here, then, is a sober matter for reflection for the Christian Alliance than the influence of Papacy. So long as the religion they call Protestant can be traced around the globe by its footprints of fire and blood, let them rest assured that neither Papacy nor Paganism can injure it—Christian Citizen.

—A correspondent of the Tribune writing from Cleveland, says:

"Hon. J. R. Giddings, representing this Congressional District, as of course your readers know, has written to a brace of his constituents a very strong letter. It appears in the Geauga Republican of a late date. It has caused great astonishment and greater disapprobation. So strong, indeed, is this latter feeling, that on Saturday, during the Convention, Hon. W. L. Perkins, of Lake, alluded to the sentiments embodied in Mr. G.'s letter, and denounced them in the most scathing terms. We of Ohio are not ready for a dissolution of the Union, outraged as we feel that we have been—trodden down and disgraced by the conduct of Polk and his Texas and War followers. We await a brighter day for Ohio and for our Country, when the Goths shall be driven from the Capitol, and a Whig preside where a Whig patriot only should be the exponent of the people's rights and safety. That day will come. Ohio has lighted her fires and planted her sentries."

SLAVERY AS IT IS.

We have rarely met with a more revolting instance of inhumanity and hypocrisy, than at Cincinnati, by Rev. Mr. Boucher, a Methodist minister who formerly resided at the South.

While he was on the Alabama circuit, he spent a Sabbath with an old circuit preacher, who was also a doctor, living near the "Horse Shoe," celebrated as Gen. Jackson's battle ground. Early Monday morning, he was reading Pope's Messiah to Mr. Boucher, when his wife called him out. Mr. Boucher glanced his eye out of the window, and saw a slave man standing by, and the husband and wife consulting over him. Presently the Doctor took a raw hide from under his coat, and began to cut up the half naked back of the slave. Several inches of the skin turned up, perfectly white, at every stroke, until the whole back was red with gore. At first, the lacerated man cried out in his agony; at which the Doctor and Divine cried out at every stroke, 'Won't ye run? Won't ye run!' Finally the slave stood still, and bore his tortures with only a groan.

As soon as he had completed his task, the Doctor came in, panting, and almost out of breath, and, addressing Mr. Boucher, said, 'Won't ye go to prayer with us, Sir?' The amazed circuit rider fell upon his knees, and uttered, uttering he hardly knew what—When he left the house, the poor creature of a slave had crept up and knelt at the door during prayer, with his body gory with blood down to his very heels.—Congregational Journal.

From the Mercer Luminary.

My Dear FRIENDS:—Agreeably to your request, I will inform you of some of the workings of slavery in the church. Let me premise that I have lived eight years in a slave state (Va.) Received my theological education at the Union Theological Seminary, situated at Prince Edward county Va., near the Hamden Sydney College. Those who know anything about slavery, know the worst kind is jobbing slavery—that is, the hiring out of slaves from year to year, while the master is not present to protect them. It is the interest of the one who hires them, to get the worth of his money of them, and the loss is the master's if they die.

What shocked me more than anything else, was the church engaged in this jobbing of slaves. The college church which I attended, and which was attended by all the students of Hamden Sydney College and Union Theological Seminary, held slaves enough to pay their pastor, Mr. Stanton, one thousand dollars a year, of which the church members did not pay a cent (so I understood it.) The slaves who had been left to the church by some pious mother in Israel, had increased so as to be a large and still increasing fund. These were hired out on Christmas day of each year, the day to which they celebrated the birth of our blessed Saviour, to the highest bidder. These worked hard the whole year to pay the pastor his \$1000 a year, and it was left to the caprice of their employers whether they ever heard one sermon for which they toiled hard the whole year to prepare. This was the church in which the professors of the seminary and the college often officiated. Since the abolitionists have made so much noise about the connection of the church with slavery, the Rev. Elisha Ballou informed me the church had sold this property and put the money in other stock.

There were four other churches near the college church that were in the same situation with this, when I was in that country, that supported the pastor, in whole or in part, in the same way, viz.: Cumberland church, John Kirkpatrick, pastor; Briny church, William Plummer, pastor (since Dr. P. Rich mond;) Buffalo church, Mr. Cochran, pastor; Pisgah church, near the peaks of Outer, J. Mitchell, pastor. This is the church where Mr. Turner preached and used to electrify the state by his eloquence.

What disposition these churches have made with their slaves, I have not been able to learn. I leave these simple statements of fact, without coloring or comment, for you and other christians to draw the conclusions for yourselves.

J. Cable.

A WHITE SLAVE—*Interesting Case.*—A similar case to that of the German girl recently decided in New Orleans, has occurred at St. Louis, which is related as follows, in the Reporter:

"A few days since, a young man, apparently of white parentage, was arrested at the instance of a Mr. Mountjoy, of Missouri, who claimed him as a slave. The young man's own story is, that he is the illegitimate son of white parents, his mother being an unmarried woman, and that he was placed while he was an infant in the care of some blacks, the property of Mr. Vaughan, of Virginia. At an early age, Mr. V. adopted him as an apprentice, promising to rear him, and at the age of manhood give him his freedom, &c. In a few years, however, Mr. V. died, and the lad fell under the guardianship of the present claimant, who held him as a slave, and refused to recognize him as an apprentice. The boy was brought to Missouri, and thence taken to Illinois, where he was employed as a race-ridder. Eventually he eloped, and for several years has been roaming through the West, probably in none the best of company. A short time since he came to the city, and, as stated, was arrested. He is now in prison, and efforts are being made to institute the fictions of his story.

Very Singular.—The President claims that when he ordered Gen. Taylor to the Rio Grande, he did not order him into the Mexican territory. Yet our last news that goods imported at St. Louis, and sent thence to Santa Fe (this side of the Rio Grande) are allowed a drawback, under the law of Congress, on the ground that to send them to Santa Fe is to re-export them to a foreign country! This trade is going on, and the drawback allowed, and duties paid to the Mexican government, down to the present time.

STRANGE SENTIMENT FOR AN ABOLITIONIST.

"I pity the people of Mexico. I have, however, no sympathy for their government, or for those who by military and ecclesiastical rule keep the people in a constant state of distress. I believe that the annexation of Mexico to the United States would be a benefit to the people of Mexico. I deprecate war for that or any purpose. But if there will be war any how, then I sincerely hope the result of it will be the overthrow of their military and church establishment, and the final consent of their people to become annexed to the United States.—Am. Citizen:

POPE GREGORY XVI. died on the 1st ult. in his 71st year. He was a good, kind, tolerant man, and his death is generally regretted. His successor will be either Cardinal Franzoni, born in Genoa, aged 71, or Cardinal Acton, born in England. (There has never been but one English Pope, Adalbert, several centuries ago.) It is apprehended that Revolutionary convulsions will now break out in the papal states.

HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, M. C. from Ohio, has been addressed by two of his constituents, asking whether he is in favor of a Dissolution of the Union? Mr. G. answers that the old Union, formed in 1787, has already been subverted by the unconstitutional formation of a new Union with Texas. Ohio, having at all times opposed this Union, is now at liberty to secede from it just as she chooses.

PREACHERS FOR THE SLAVES.—We think the instruction of the blacks in the South should be committed wholly to white men, and they should be Southern men, in whom masters have confidence. If the preacher is himself a slaveholder, as are Mr. Jones and Mr. Law, they will command the greater confidence, and have access to the larger number of plantations.—Georgian Christian

POETRY.

A YANKEE'S NOTION ABOUT
ENLISTING.

Thrash away, you'll have to rattle
On them kittle drums o' yours—
Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be—
Guess you'll tot till you are yellor
Fore you git ahold o' me!

That ere flag's a little rotten,
Hope it aint your Sunday's best—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a sojer's chest;
Since we farmers have to pay for it,
Ef you must wear humps like these,
Sposin' you should try salt hay for it,
It would do as slick as grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southern fellers,
They're a dreadful grapsin' set,
We must olters blow the bellers
When they want their irons hot;
May be it's all right as preachin',
But my narves it kind o' grates,
When I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them that rule us, them slave-traders,
Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth,
(Helped by Yankee renegades.)
Through the varts o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarsse and not be tilled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on end at bein' biled?

As for war, I call it murder,
There you have it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testymont for that;
God has said so plump and fairly,
It's as long as it is broad,
And you've got to git up airy
Ef you want to take in God.

Taint your eppylets and feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
Taint a follerin' your bell wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword and drot it,
And should stick a feller through,
Gov'ment aint to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you.

What's the use o' meetin' goin'?
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go a moan'
Fellow-men like oats and rye?
I dunno know but what it's pooy
Trainin' round in botblat coats—
But it's curus Christian duty
To be outin' folk's throats.

They may talk of Freedom's airy
Till they're purple in the face,
It's a grand great cemetary
For the birthrights of our race;
They just want this Califony
So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, and to scorn ye,
And to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
Take such everlastin' pains,
All to get the devil's thankos
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Why, it's jest as clear as figgers,
Clear as one and one make two,
Chaps that make black slaves o' niggers,
Want to make white slaves o' you.

Tell yo jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
And it makes a handy sum, too,
Any gump could larn by heart;
Laborin' man and laborin' woman
Have one glory and one shame,
Everything that's done inhuman,
Injers all on yo the same.

Taint by turnin' out to back folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Non by lookin' down on black folks
Cos you're put upon by white;
Slavery aint o' many color,
Taint the hide that makes it wus,
All it cares for in a feller,
Is to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle me, in doye?
I expect you'll have to wait;
When cold lead puts daylight through ye,
You'll begin to kalkylate;
'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the karkiss from your bones,
Cos you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home and ask our Nancy
Whether I'd be such a goose
As to jine ye—guess you fancy
The eternal bung was loose!
She wants me for home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow—
Ef you arter folks o' gumption
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editers that's crown'
Like a cockerel three months old—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin'
Though they be so blasted bold;
Aint they a prime set o' fellers?
For they think on't they will sprout,
(Like a peach that's got the yellers)
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go, long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to crain with slaves,
Help the men that's ollers dealin'
Insults on your father's graves;
Help the strong to grind the feebles,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men that call your people
Whitewashed slaves and peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her.
She's a kneelin' with the rest,
She, that ought to ha' elung forever
In her grand old eagle-neat;
She that oughter stand so fearless
While the wracks are round her hurled,
Holding up a beacon peerless,
To the oppressed of all the world!

Haint they sold your colored seamens?
Haint they made your envys whiz?
What'll make ye act like freemon?
What'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye what I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix.
They'd ha' done as quick as winkin'
In the days of seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The traducers of our people,
The enslavers of their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this message loudly
In the ears of all the South—

"I'll return ye good for evil
Much as we frail mortals can,
But I won't go help the devil
Makin' man the cus of man;
Call me coward, call me traitor,
Jest as suits your mean ideas,
Here I stand a tyran hater,
And the friend of God and Peace!"

If I'd my way I had ruther
We should go to work and part—
They take one way, we take the other—
Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
Man had oughter put asunder
Them that God has noways jined;
And I shouldn't greatly wonder
If there's thousands o' my mind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMER.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, over the signature of the "Old Man of the Mountain," gives the following account of a farmer of the olden time:—

"Old Colonel Holmes was one of the likeliest of men, I don't know but I may say the very likeliest, I have ever seen among men, though he was all his days a farmer here among the rocks, and scarce ever left off his farm for fifty years. He began down here in Campton, when there had hardly been a stroke struck in the woods. There was a little spot of clearing, I believe, on the lot he'd went on to—and a log barn had been put up on it. He and his wife lived in the barn all summer, the first summer they came up here from Connecticut. They came all the way—he on foot, with his axe on his shoulder, and she on horseback, with the bed bound on behind her, and the copper kettle hanging by the old mare's side. It was all they had, and the roads wan't near so good then as they are now. Col. Holmes was a young man then—just out of his time." He lived on that land fifty years, and died on it. He was hardly ever out of town or off his farm.—They teased him to go to General Court one year, I believe, but couldn't make him go again. "It was small business," he said, "for anybody that had any other to mind." And he said "it was a bad thing to have so many laws, and to be tinkering them over so often." He cared nothing about office, or politics or parties. He didn't read any books. He didn't need to. He said but little, but what he said was always right. He was as sensible a man, friend Tribune, as ever Ben Franklin was, and a much better man, to my mind, and greater, take all the circumstances. He lived there, all alone, as it were, and cleared up his farm, and did an amount of good there, all unpraised and unseen, and for the sheer good and beauty of it, as I hardly believe Ben Franklin was man enough to have done. He had a grand old-fashioned farm, and grew forbaden, and finally rich, without ever trying to, or caring anything about money. He never was a hard working man. Hardly ever worked till he got tired. Never hurried. He wouldnt hurry for a thunder-shower in hay time. "Let it rain," he would say—"it will do somebody some good. What signifies killing ourselves for a load of hay?" He never drove his men, and never hurried them, except at table, and then not to have them get done. "Come," he would say, "all hands, take hold—there's enough." And it was royal to see him sitting at the head of his old, long kitchen-table, with his twenty men, and as much the equal of the humblest of them all, as he could possibly be, with his great, generous heart and princely head. He had a head, friend Tribune, worth going journey to—see—an old Connecticut, Roger Sherman sort of a head, by the tell—for I never saw Roger Sherman's head—theo! I have Col. Holmes' when he was at work, bareheaded, in his field among his men. It wasnt a head like Daniel Webster's or Zekiel's—not one of those high, precipice sort of heads. It was a middling forehead for height, but wide and beautifully pitched—a sort of honest man's forehead and head, covered over with hair as fine as silk, and laying in tufts, like feathers on the neck of an eagle—and along after he was sixty, as white as Moosehilllock of a November morning.

"It was princely to see the old man working about among his men. He had a small, gray eye—all sense and honesty—and looking as if he couldn't bear anything ungenerous or small. And that was his nature. His leading trait of character was a great generosity. And there never was his equal, to my knowledge, among the poor people. I never saw anything equal to the way he'd help the poor. "Give him good measure, David," the old man would say to a queer sort of man that always lived with him, and who used to say the Colonel lived with him—"give him good measure—don't streak it—he's come a good ways, and there's enough of it." He always had plenty of corn the severest of years. The earth, as if aware of his great nature, never put him off with a stingy harvest. He never those years, would sell a kernel of corn to anybody that could bring the money for it. He said, "there was the poor around him that couldn't pay, that must be seen to." And to them he turned out the yellow corn and the hay. With his barns full, in the severest seasons, he never would sell a lock of hay to anybody but the poor—and to them always at the prices of times of plenty; and to "pay in work when

they could." He used to take their little old due bills for it, payable "in help," and never call on them—that they generally remembered to turn out and help him when it came hay time. But numbers of the old due bills were found among the old man's few papers, after his death, writ in his own plain, honest hand—not after any business form—and always spelt so as to be understood, and many of them yellow with age. He wasn't what you call a tender hearted man, that he was so considerate of the poor. It was generosity and sheer greatness. He felt it beneath a man "that any should suffer when there was enough"—and he knew "they hadn't calculation enough, many of them, to bring the year about, especially in cold seasons," and he said "they must be seen to." And he did see to them, the glorious old man.

It wasn't for the name of it—for he didn't mean to know anything about the name of doing things. And it wasn't for salvation—"giving to the poor," because it was "lending to the Lord." He wasn't a religious man—that is he never made a profession. Religious people about him didn't like it that he didn't, though their chief uneasiness was that he always did so well that it made them appear to disadvantage. He always was right in all he did and said. I don't believe he did or said a single wrong thing, or a thing that was out of the way, or that was unhandsome, all the time he lived in Campton. All that time, for fifteen years, no man said a loud word against him. And it grew to be a good verb, that a man's "word was as good as Colonel Holmes."

STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

A few years since, being on urgent business east, and the river in rather an uncertain state, I entered myself a passenger in one of Neil, Moore & Co.'s stages to Columbus and Wheeling. A party of young Kentuckians, apparently fresh from College, made the principal part of my fellow-travellers. As soon as the next watering place afforded the opportunity for the purpose, two or three of the party referred to, jumped out, bought cigars, and having lighted them, resumed their seats, filling the stage with cigar smoke, and myself with ill-humor, for I had little doubt, besides the annoyance of the thing itself, that it would cost me a sick headache, as it is apt to do in such cases. The weather was excessively cold, and the curtains had been carefully buttoned down to exclude the fresh air. Two or three of these buttons I contrived to dislodge of their trust, and by keeping the opening as wide as possible and my head out of the window, I succeeded in getting on to the next stage, where I arranged the curtain so that I could lean out at little other disadvantage than the cramped and constrained limbs to which an unchanged position for ten miles, doomed me. As soon as I reached Lebanon, I improved the brief stay we made, by running over to an apothecary's shop, where I selected an unctuous piece of asafetida of the size of a walnut, and hastily preparing for it, regained my seat just in time. It was now getting dark—the days being short—the curtains had been again fastened down during my absence, so securely that it was difficult to dislodge them while the stage was on the route. For this, however, I did not care, being confident that the odor of the frankincense, would overpower the cigar fumes.

So soon as I was well seated and under way, and the stage filled with smoke, the lump was rubbed freely in the palms of my hands, and soon the perfume began to assume its claim to recognition, if not respect. A snorting and snuffing gradually began to pervade the passengers, and various satirical remarks and conjectures were freely made. At last, one or two, who could stand it no longer, after some time, made an effort, and unbuckling the curtains, let in the keen frosty air, which soon banished the odors, alike of the tobacco and the drug, and for some time the whole party enjoyed the luxury of a pure atmosphere. After riding half an hour in the cold air, the curtains were put down again, and again the perfume filled the stage. Two of the passengers now made for the roof, and the curtains being once more raised, were kept up all the way to Xena. Here a fresh supply of cigars was procured, and the smoking, as soon as we started, was resumed. Al—alas for them—to no purpose. My principal difficulty during the last route had been to preserve my gravity; for my past indignation had now become swallowed up in other feelings, and I asked one of my neighbors if anything was disturbing him as I observed he could not sleep. "Yes," replied he, "there is disturbance enough. I can neither sleep nor breathe. There seems to be a parcel of rotten eggs or onions in the stage. Don't you smell anything?" "Nothing," I cooly replied, "unless it is this lump of asafetida, which I always carry in travelling, as the only remedy for sick stomach which the smoke of cigars is always sure to give me."

The murder was out. I spoke with so much simplicity and naturalness that the party did not know what to say for a minute or so, by way of reply. At last one who had been my chief tormentor with cigars, began to blow off steam, and said it was d—d extraordinary that any gentleman would use what he must know would make every body sick who was present, and annoy the whole stage in this way. If the cigar smoke was unpleasant, why didn't you say so? This provoked me, and I replied that it ill became those to talk of incommuning others, who had violated all the rules of travelling by filling a close coach with tobacco smoke, without caring, apparently, whether it agreed with the rest of the passengers or not. He made some inarticulate reply, but as I judged, felt that he was not likely to gain much in a personal quarrel with a man so much older than himself. Perhaps, also, he felt that he was in the wrong. So after a brief pause—"Well," says he, "if my cigar annoys you so, I shall roll it away." This he did—his companions doing the same. "Then," said I, "I have no farther occasion for the asafetida;" and threw it away by way of peace offering. We all rode a few miles farther in silence, sullen enough, I supposed, on their part. At last I was startled with a succession of hearty involuntary peals of laughter from my late antagonist, to whose mind the whole difficulty now seemed excessively diverting. At

length he sought relief in words, remarking—"This is the d—dest funniest thing I ever did see;" and at intervals all through the day, outbursts of merriment and ill-suppressed tittering passed all round the stage.

As soon as we changed stages, I had to take a treat from the company, the individual to whom I have referred, and who appeared the master-spirit of the party, assuring me it would be a long time before he would forget the trick I had served him. We parted at Columbus, excellent friends.—Cis's Ade.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

BY REV. WM. KNIBB.

"Yes, he was a lovely Christian, and to him was given not only to believe in the name of Jesus, but also to suffer pain for his sake; he was a plantation slave, and had been promoted for his consistent conduct. A few years ago one of the slave members belonging to the Baptist church at Montego Bay was banished from his home, and sent to the estate where David lived, to be cured of his praying. By the pious conversation of this exiled Christian negro, David was brought under serious concern for his soul, which ended in his conversion to God. Acting up to the Christian negro's motto, "what good for one negro, good for him brother too," David spoke to his fellow slaves about Jesus and his love in dying for poor sinners. God, who despised not the humblest instrument, blessed the efforts of this poor negro, and in a short time about thirty on the estate began to pray, and at length built a small hut, in which after the labors of the day, they might assemble and worship God. Tidings of these things reached the ears of the white persons employed on the estate, and David was summoned before his attorney, and asked whether he was teaching the slaves to pray. On replying in the affirmative, the hut was demolished and burnt, and David was stretched upon the earth and flogged with the cat-o'-whip till his flesh was covered with his blood.—Next Lord's day I missed my faithful deacon at the house of God. His afflicted wife came and told me the sad tale of his sufferings, and informed me that his hands were bound and his feet made fast in the stocks. Often did I inquire after him, and the same answer was returned, "Massa, him in the stocks;" till one morning as I sat in my piazza he appeared before the window. There he stood—I have his image now before me—he was handcuffed, bare foot, unable to wear his clothes from his yet unhealed back; his wife had fastened some of her garments round his Lancaster body. I called him in and said:

"David, David, what have you done?" With a look of resignation, I shall never forget, he replied, "Don't ask me, ask him that bring me, massa." Turning to the negro who had him in charge, I said, "Well, what has this poor man done?" "Him pray, massa," was the reply, "and Buckra sending him to the workhouse for punishing." I gave him some refreshment, for in the state I have described he had walked thirteen miles under a burning sun, and followed him to that den of cruelty, properly designated a Jamaica inquisition. He was chained to a fellow slave by the neck and sent to work on the Public Roads. The next day I went to visit him again, when I was informed by the Supervisor of the workhouse that he had received orders to have him flogged again, as soon as his back was well enough to bear it. In these chains David remained for months; frequently I saw him, but never did I hear one murmur or one complaint, except when he heard that the partner of his joys and sorrows was ill on the estate, and he was forbidden to go and see her.

At the end of three months he was liberated, and returning to the estate, was asked, "Now, Sir, will you pray again?" "Massa," said the persecuted disciple, "you know me is a good slave, but if trouble come for die me must pray, and me must teach me brother to pray too." Again he was immured in a dungeon, and his feet made fast in the stocks." At the end of three months he was liberated, and returning to the estate, was asked, "Now, Sir, will you pray again?" "Massa," said the persecuted disciple, "you know me is a good slave, but if trouble come for die me must pray, and me must teach me brother to pray too."

Again he was immured in a dungeon, and his feet made fast in the stocks."

LETTER FROM WILLIAM PENN.

Dr. Bayard received a letter from William Penn, as follows: "As I find the Indians upon the continent more incident to fevers than any other distempers, so they rarely fail to cure themselves by great sweatings, and immediately plunging themselves into cold water, which they say is the only way not to catch a cold. I once saw an instance of it with divers more in company. Being upon a discovery of the back part of the country, I called upon an Indian of note, whose name was Tenngough, the captain-general of the clan of Indians in those parts. I found him ill of a fever, his head and limbs much affected with pain, and at the same time his wife preparing a bagnio for him. The bagnio resembled a large oven, into which he crept by a door on the one side, while she put several hot stones in at a small door on the other side thereof, and then fastened the doors as closely from the air as she could. Now while he was sweating in his bagnio, his wife (for they disdain no service) was, with an axe, cutting her husband a passage into the river, (being the winter of 1683, the great frost, and the ice very thick,) in order to the immersing himself after he should come out of the bath. In less than half an hour, he was in so great a sweat, that when he came out, he was as wet as if he had come out of a river, and the reek or steam of his body, so thick, that it was hard to discern anybody's face that stood near him. In this condition, stark naked, a body cloth only excepted, he ran to the river which was about 20 paces, and ducked himself twice or thrice therein, and so returned, passing only through his bagnio, to mitigate the immense stroke of the cold, to his own house, perhaps 20 paces farther, and, wrapping himself in his woolen mantle, laying down at his length, near a long but gentle fire, in the middle of his wigwam or house, turning himself several times till dry, and then he rose and fell to getting us our dinner, seeming to be as easy and as well in health as at any other time.

I am well assured that the Indians wash their infants in cold water as soon as born, in all seasons of the year."

The Rev. Eliphilet Case, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, dedicates some "spirited lines" to the mounted volunteers of Kentucky. The following verse is a specimen of the "spirit" of the reverend gentleman:

Ho! Pioneer, your cabin leave; ho! farmer, leave your field;
Ho! workman with the iron arm, that never yet did yield;
Take down the deadly rifle now, and whet the bowie knife,
And like a tropic tempest come ye, gathering to the strife.

"I know," says Mirabeau, "but three ways of living in this world; first, by wages for work; secondly, by begging; and thirdly by stealing; so named, or not so named."

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